The BYSTANDER

PASSED BY CENSOR

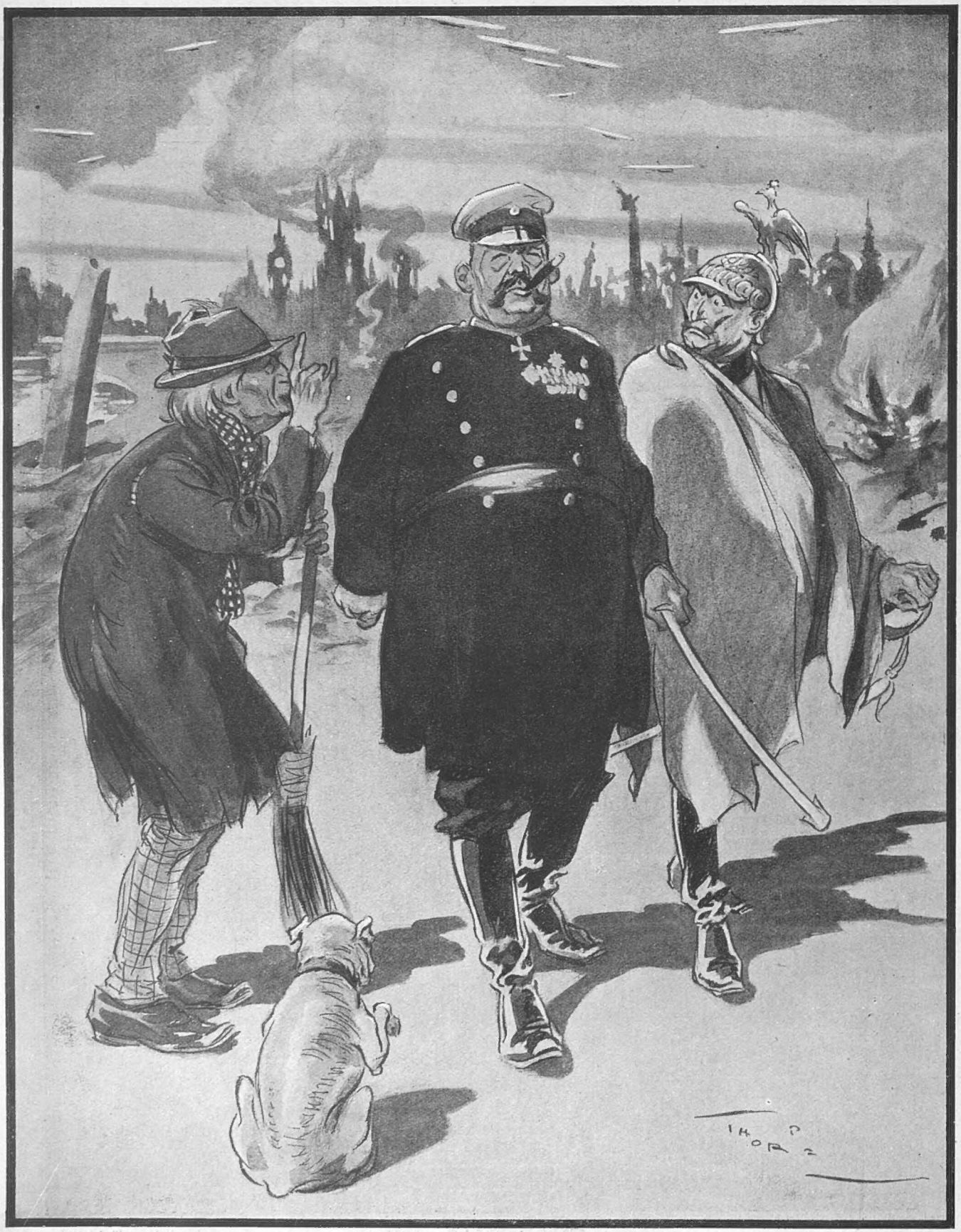
CHRISTMAS, 1918

BY WILMOT LUNT

(1) Instead of this it might have been—

[P.T.O.

—(2) This, If Germany Had Won

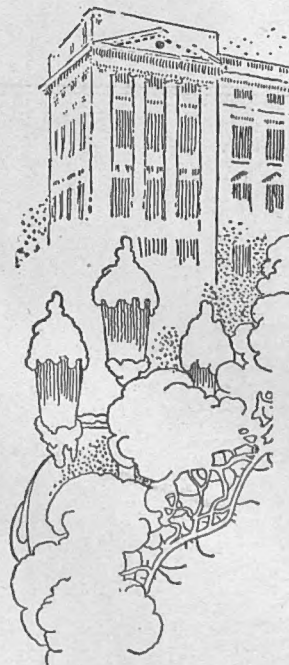


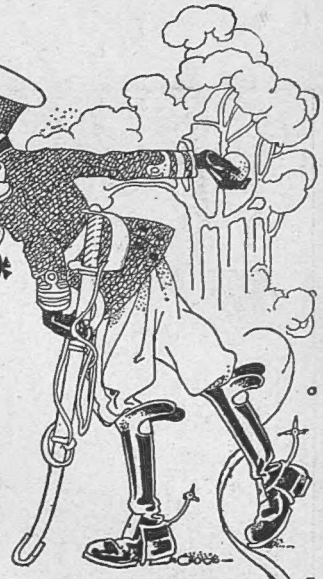
PASSED BY CENSOR

"GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN!"

BY THORPE

BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS FRIGHTFULNESS





THIS is our Fifth War Annual. In a genially prophetic way we have tried to suggest what would have happened if Hindenburg's boast of investing — not to say infesting — London had come true.

We can afford to treat such a boast lightly now for we have it on the best authority that "the worst is over." But I suppose the Censor won't mind my mentioning now that there was a time when the outlook for us was a trifle yellow.

We do not know, of course, what the Germans would have done if they had come. Field-Marshal Blücher said of London: "What a city to sack!" and he seems thus to have made a shrewd guess of the way in which the occupation of London would appeal to his fellow countrymen. We might have seen Hindenburg walking down Cheapside with about fifteen gold watches round his neck and using commandeered pearl necklaces for his sock suspenders. His headquarters would, doubtless, have been at the Guildhall so that he could be near the turtle soup.

And the Crown Prince would probably not have missed the chance of strolling across the Park and throwing a snowball through a window at Buckingham Palace just to show what a terrible fellow he is.

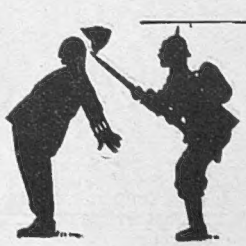
THE artists and writers who have collaborated with me in the production of this most admirable Annual (my trumpeter has been called up and I have to carry on by myself) are people of only normal and healthy imaginations. Therefore I shall be quite ready to admit that they have probably fallen far short of what the diseased mind of the Hun would have considered necessary in order to prove to us the superiority of Kultur over civilisation. In their more or less "victorious" moments the Germans have loudly proclaimed that what they have done in the way of defiling France and Belgium would be as nothing to the fearful frightfulness in which they would indulge when they got to London. They might even have treated us to the appalling sight of a Hun soldier knocking off the helmet of a stately Ludgate Circus policeman. Do not, however, let us dwell on such awful possibilities.

BUT in this incomparable Annual (have I spoken of its excellence before?) we have been able to show that even the lighter side of the affliction of having the German army at our gates would be a distinctly unpleasant novelty in our daily lives. And since, as the saying goes, those who laugh last laugh after everybody else, or something of that sort, we may as well enjoy ourselves for an hour at the expense of the enemy.

Meantime, I cannot forbear mentioning that in spite of the outstanding superiority of this Annual over every other production of the kind, the price is is only Two Shillings. And as a shilling to-day is really worth no more than sixpence, we are practically selling it at half-price, anyway.

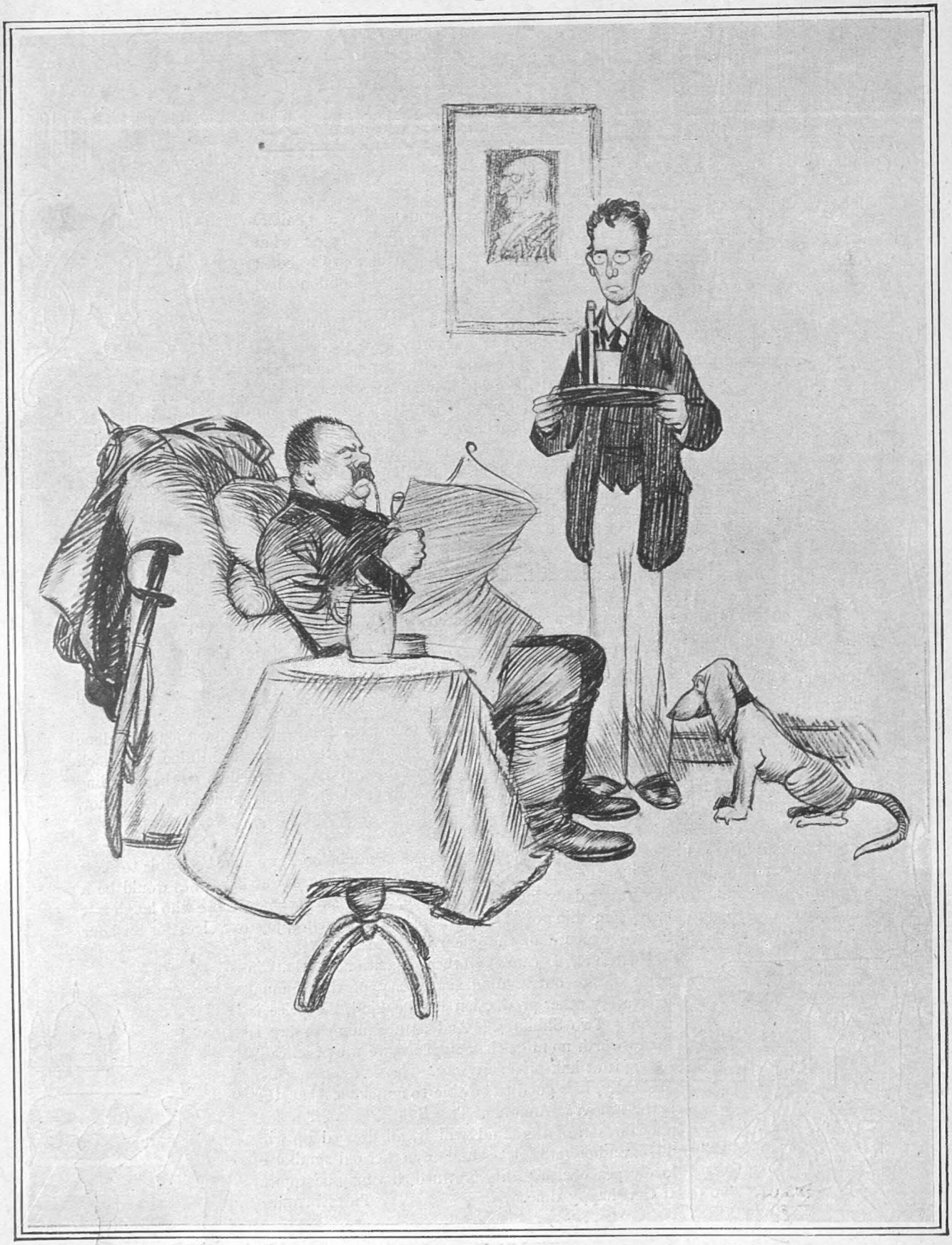
Finally, it is good to be able to announce that this is the last War Annual of THE BYSTANDER. The next phenomenon of the kind will be all dressed up with doves and olive branches and any other old symbol of lovely peace with plenty crowned that may be topical at that happy time.

THE EDITOR.



IF GERMANY HAD WON

The Bright Side



PASSED BY CENSOR

The German army of occupation billeted on our conchies

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. WATTS, R.N.V.R.

IF GERMANY HAD WON

"IN ENGLAND—NUM"

The Weekly Letter from "Blanche" as it might have been.

By W. HODGSON BURNET

LONDON, *December* 25, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

I SUPPOSE under existing circs I ought to begin "Dear Cousin *German*" now! You have, doubtless, heard of the terrible things that have happened in Tallis Street since *they* took possession. Makes me feel positively goose-fleshy all over every time I think of it! All the male members of the staff have been sent to the Tower, and poor old Bairnsfather is to be shot at dawn to-morrow for *lèse majesté*, which has taken the place of "Dora" in our daily lives. The poor dear was game to the last and sent me a perfectly *priceless* invitation to the ceremony.

卐 卐

HE doesn't really care two toots about being shot, but I think he is a bit fluffed at not being considered big enough game to be included in next week's "Frightfulness Campaign," when Lloyd George, Northcliffe, Bottomley and umpteen other public men are to be fired from Big Bertha over Big Ben for having given our new masters so much trouble to get here. Sort of thing that makes you wonder what to-morrow will bring forth, doesn't it?

卐 卐

"TO-MORROW! Why, to-morrow I may be Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years." That's Omar, and *he* knew a thing or two, despite his little predilection for looking on the wine when it was red—though any old colour satisfies yours truly in these days, what?

"Describing seasonable novelties in dress for the German Hausfrau"

卐 卐

WELL, as I was going to tell you, we women of the staff have been ordered by the new Herr Proprietor to "carry on," and our instructions are to make the paper as German as possible. Poor Mrs. Jack May is having a perfectly *hideous* time describing seasonable novelties in dress for the German Hausfrau, and is feeling *quite* the absolute terminus in the way of depression. 'Specially as she knows that if she doesn't turn out the stuff to time it means a lingering death in a dungeon deep, or perhaps even condemnation to "something with boiling oil in it."

卐 卐

BY the way, it is quite a mistake to assume that German officers are not brave. Yesterday I sat opposite one of them in a 'bus, and he had a dispute with the conductorette (*quite* a big girl) about his fare. Suddenly he struck her in the mouth and sent her sprawling in the mud—to the amusement of a company of "field-greys" who were passing at the time. I told our new editor that none of our officers would have *dared* to do such a thing, and he seemed quite pleased at the implied compliment! It's a whimsical world, isn't it?

"It is quite a mistake to imagine that German officers are not brave . . ."

(*Continued on page 15*)

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Autres Temps,

PASSED BY CENSOR

CANNON FODDER, No. 199689, OLD BILLNICH

Outrés Bills [*The French is Old Bill's.*—ED.]

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Yer know yer wants to 'ave 'oopin' cough to pronounce this stuff!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

IF GERMANY HAD WON

"IN ENGLAND—NUN" (concluded)

APROPOS, I'm not at all sure that "our German friends" haven't got a distinct sense of humour after all. The Kaiser was so tickled to death with the idea of the O.B.E. that he has issued a proclamation that all minor offences are to be punished henceforth by the immediate bestowal of the Order on the offender. Isn't it *priceless?* Edwin Morrow, E. T. Reid, and David Wilson are down for the first investiture on Friday, and the poor dears are looking the ultimate syllable of misery at the prospect.

卐 卐

REMINDS me that those dreadful duds and super-fatheads that used to run this country might have got things *done* if they had taken a leaf out of the Prussian Military Note-book. I mean in the way of stopping strikes which, under the new *régime*, are things of mighty short duration. Take the one the other night at the old Troc. (now the Ludendorff Restaurant). Seems that the orchestra couldn't get a hearing owing to the noise made by a party of Junkers in eating their soup, and refused to play. Whereupon an officer pulled out his revolver and shot the conductor dead on the spot and commanded the others to get on with it. Drastic, but quite effective, what?

"All minor offences are to be punished henceforth by the immediate bestowal of the O.B.E."

卐 卐

TALKING of Prussian officers, have just had the following from one of them (now garrisoned at Chelmsford) who has apparently been my devoted admirer for years! "Blanche, *meine liebe* Blanche, always you write of your gottdamt

"The orchestra couldn't get a hearing, owing to the noise made by a party of Junkers in eating soup"

English officers in your so welcome letter, but of us, who love you, never! When to London some day I come I will to your office a visit pay, and meinself will tell you how I so much you adore. My little English rose, I kiss your feet in my thoughts." (Oh, shush!) Stay me with flagons! I assure you when I read this I was absolutely *spurlos versenkt*, so to speak. Well, men are queer things, but as Voltaire and I have both remarked before, it takes all sorts to make a world, doesn't it?

卐 卐

"POUR finir" my dear cousin, you will, I trust, be able to read between the lines of this letter, which is written under very trying circs. Don't imagine that this child is likely to fall a victim to the wiles of any of these norribly naughty Prussians (what ho!). Take everything you hear about me *cum grano salis* (if you can spare the coupons!), and all that sort of thing, don't you know! "*Auf wiedershen*," as they say in this office now. How one misses the "Cheerio! old bean!" from the bhoys! But what's the good of talking?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

IF GERMANY HAD WON

One of the Christmas Waits

—AND LIKELY TO BE A LONG ONE

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Germanising the

PASSED BY CENSOR

SOME PRUSSIAN "IMPROVEMENTS"

English Christmas

PASSED BY CENSOR

TO OUR YULE-TIDE FESTIVITIES

BY BERT THOMAS

IF GERMANY HAD WON

"Nothing Doing"

Trying to make the Paris midinettes shout "Hoch der Kaiser!"

BY MARCEL PONCIN

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Christmas at Little Copplestone

"I just press this little white button and then you will see a wonderful sight"

By FRANK HIRD

A group of men and women were gathered round the notice board at the entrance to the village hall at Little Copplestone. On the board there hung a newly-posted notice of the type they had come to know so well since the German occupation — fierce, black type, surmounted by the four Imperial crowns of Europe, North America, South America, and India, hovering above a gigantic "W." This is what they read:

KOMMANDANTUR'S ORDERS
TAKE NOTICE

On Christmas Eve the villagers will supply a pine-tree not less than ten feet in height, suitably decorated in honour of the august season in the style laid down in the HANDBOOK TO KULTUR. Three hundred candles are to be purchased from the State Candle Factory

The portrait of the World-Peace-Giver, His Omnipotent Majesty, William, by the might of German Arms and the Grace of God Emperor of Europe, Emperor of the Two Americas, Emperor of India, and All-Highest Protector of the East, is to be surrounded by a complete wreath of gilded laurel.

Any villager whose attitude, facial expression, or speech indicates anything but the deepest reverence and gratitude to His Omnipotent Majesty, the All-Highest and Supreme Emperor of Emperors, for deigning to annex this miserable little country to His vast and glorious Dominions, will be condemned without trial to twenty years' hard labour in the stokeholes of the State Laundries.

(Signed) Von und zu Schweinhund
Kommandant.

The people of Little Copplestone were accustomed to such notices. At the beginning of the occupation they had jeered at the Kommandantur's orders, but not for long. There was the ever-active bayonet to think of. By now they had come to the wise resolution that a blind obedience to German orders was better than a cycle of German punishment.

For many weeks no news of the outside world had penetrated into England. All newspapers had been confiscated, and their proprietors, editors, and staffs condemned to lifelong imprisonment in punishment for the insulting adjectives applied to the Kaiser's name by the British Press during the long struggle in France. Only Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Garvin, and Mr. Horatio Bottomley had escaped. The first, it was whispered, was hiding in a chalk cavern near Broadstairs. It was also said that he was being kept alive by a faithful stenographer from the *Daily Mail*, who, disguised as a German sentry, carried him food in the dead of night, and took down messages to be transmitted at the first opportunity to any foreign potentates or powers that might still exist. Mr. Garvin was known to be hiding in a kilt amongst the crags of Ben Nevis. The last news of Mr. Bottomley was that he had been seen, in a wonderful camouflage by Captain Bairnsfather, endeavouring to secure a situation as a charwoman in the Isle of Dogs. England had indeed fallen upon parlous days.

The little group round the notice board dwindled away until only two men were left, Jack Sparling and Harry Wildman. Both had worn the Mons ribbon until all British decorations were abolished.

Sparling, under the watchful eyes of two German sentries, read the notice again. "I know where there's a tree that's the very ticket," he said loudly; "just what the noble Kommandant wants. You and me, Harry, had better go and get it now. It'll take a long time to decorate."

"It is forbidden for two Englishmen to walk together without the written permission of the noble Herr Kommandant!" shouted one of the sentries.

Sparling stood smartly at the salute. "I will wait upon the noble Herr Kommandant and beg permission," he said humbly.

"*Ja wohl!*" growled the sentry.

The Kommandant, a large man with a face like an amiable turnip that had been trodden upon and was trying to be angry, stamped the required permission with the guttural comment: "For an object so laudable, by all means, of the

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(Continued on page 24)

DUBARRY'S EXCLUSIVE PERFUMES

APPEAL IRRESISTIBLY TO THE WOMAN OF TASTE AND REFINEMENT.

PARFUM ENTRE NOUS.
Prices
7/-
16/3
and
31/6
per bottle.

Parfum Qu'Importe Demain.
Prices
6/9
17/6
and
30/-
per bottle.

PARFUM "À TOI."
Prices
6/9
15/6
and
30/-.

All in Elegant Crystal Bottles Post Free.

THREE NEW PERFUMES OF SUBTLE CHARM.

"Entre Nous."
"Qu'importe Demain."
"À Toi."

In These Three Perfumes are also supplied Compressed Tablets of BATH SALTS, 4/6 per box, Post Free.

POUDRE DUBARRY the de luxe face powder. 4/6 per box, Post Free.

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These delightful perfumes carry with them a sense of Youth and Health, of cool sweet fragrance like Mountain Flowers; Perfumes, which because of their quality and exclusiveness, diffuse from the woman who uses them a natural and gracious charm and distinction.

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IF GERMANY HAD WON

No Peace on Earth so—

—Good bye—e-e-e !

BY WILL OWEN

"CHRISTMAS AT LITTLE COPPLESTONE" (continued)

first certainty! And you tools will require also?"

"Yes, sir," Sparling said quickly; "spades, a saw, and a wheelbarrow."

Protected by the Kommandant's "high and gracious permission," the two men passed the sentries at the Park gates, and made their way to an upland spinney.

"There," said Sparling, pointing to a young juniper, "that's the tree; ten feet if it's an inch!"

They sawed the trunk through, about a foot from the ground.

"Now we'll dig up the root," directed Sparling, who had taken charge of the proceedings.

"What for?" asked Wildman.

"His friend leant forward to whisper"

"Spades is used for digging up tree roots when questions is asked," was the cryptic answer. And Sparling laid a finger upon his nose.

"Something's up, Jack!" whispered Wildman. "What's the game?"

The other man looked round carefully. "Do you believe old Trombone Willie's got North and South America? I don't; and what's more, although he's got us, I don't believe he's got India. It's all a bluff."

Wildman shook his head. "Best not to think about it," he muttered. "And even if it is bluff I don't see what it's got to do with this bloomin' old Christmas tree."

"If Trombone Willie *hasn't* got North America, the old tree may have a good deal to do with it," Sparling replied, digging busily.

"You've heard something?"

His friend bent forward to whisper. Wildman listened immovable, an old soldier trained to discipline.

"You understand?" Sparling concluded. "If they *do* come, they'll land at Fetherby Cove, three miles away, and on Christmas Eve."

Again Wildman nodded.

"Now," said Sparling, "let's get this root out in case they ask us what we wanted the spades for."

. . . . . .

The Christmas tree was borne in the wheelbarrow to the yard at the back of the village hall. Here, when it had been placed in a large tub, it was visited by the Kommandant himself, accompanied by two adjutants. The great man was graciously pleased to express approval.

"And the root?" he asked Sparling abruptly. "It is in the tub, so that the tree will not die?"

"Yes, Excellency," that warrior answered with steady eyelids, and prayed inwardly that the Kommandant would not "inspect" a shed that stood near by.

"That is well! With mine own eyes I the great hole that you have made have seen. I understand now! It was for that the spades you wanted. These English fools," he added, turning to one of his adjutants, "sometimes have an intelligence!"

Emboldened by the Kommandant's approval of the chosen tree, Sparling, with proper humility, ventured to lay a plan before his Excellency. The tree must bear the three hundred candles, but need they be lighted? If each candle bore an electric light bulb, then, when all were assembled, one touch of the noble Herr Kommandant's finger, and lo! the whole tree would blaze into instant light.

The Kommandant was vastly pleased, but, alas! all the electricians had gone to Windsor to prepare for the Christmas of the All-Highest Emperor of Emperors.

"Me and my mate here," ventured Sparling, "used to do a lot of electric light work, your Excellency."

The Kommandant looked at him doubtfully.

"It would have been a wonderful sight," continued the old soldier. "Your Excellency touching the button and then—and then—a big blaze of light!"

The Kommandant endeavoured to look at the points of his shining boots, but Nature had long ago set up an intervening barrier. He therefore looked at the nearest adjutant. "Yes, it would have been an inspiring spectacle," that gentleman remarked, "your Excellency turning darkness into light!"

Nobility and Excellence—and a German—could not withstand flattery plied with so heavy a trowel.

Sparling was given a free hand. He was even given permission to use the saddler's shop adjoining the village hall. The work, moreover, was to be executed in secret, and at night, the better to surprise the Kommandatur's high-born friends.

And so the two men worked night after night while Little Copplestone slept. Almost daily Sparling went to the Kommandant's office with some new device, or some new elaboration of the lighting scheme.

(Continued on page 25)

IF GERMANY HAD WON

A Toast in "Bitter"

PASSED BY CENSOR

The All-Highest wishes a famous R.A.F. mess "A Merry Christmas"

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

"CHRISTMAS AT LITTLE COPPLESTONE" (concluded)

"It will be *kolossal!* Yes, *kolossal!*" the noble one cried one morning. "And I—I myself—shall create all this, with just one touch of that!" He held out a podgy, square-nailed forefinger. "I thinking have been of what you yesterday have said. All this glory should not be kept for this miserable dog's hole of a village. *Ach Nien!* Others should see it! Now I have determined! Yes!' I the Ober-Kommandant shall invite, and all the officers for five miles around."

Sparling gazed at him with the candour of a little child.

. . . . . .

Christmas Eve arrived. In the centre of the village hall rose the Tree. Around it, for a considerable distance, was an enclosure, roped in with a cord of the Imperial colours. Beyond the ropes the villagers were crowded thickly, and close to the walls. Gradually the enclosure filled with glittering German uniforms. It was rather dark—only two oil lamps were lighted—but that was to make the electric surprise all the greater.

A bustle at the door sent the Kommandant and his adjutants hurrying from the enclosure. They returned with a bevy of officers following a haughty individual whom everybody saluted with particular reverence. This was the great Ober-Kommandant himself.

"I see that you have taught these English dogs to keep their proper distance," the haughty one said loudly. "My congratulations, Schweinhund! An excellent idea!"

"Now, your High Excellency shall see!" said the Kommandant, bubbling with pride. He held out his hand for the portable switch. Sparling gave it to the adjutant. The adjutant gave it to the Kommandant. As the latter took it Sparling stepped back quickly into the throng of villagers.

"Silence!" cried the Kommandant. The guttural chattering in the enclosure ceased. "Now you shall see!" he cried. He held up the switch. "I just press this little white button, and then you will see a wonderful sight! Behold, I press! Look at the tree!" The fat forefinger pushed the button down.

All eyes were turned to the tree. But no light sprang out from its bedizened branches. Instead, there came the sound of cracking timbers beneath the enclosure. For an instant the flooring swayed this way and that, then sank, with a rending, tearing crash, bearing the Tree, the Kommandant, his over-lord, and all the glittering uniforms into a black and terrible abyss.

Shrieks and imprecations rose from below. Then suddenly came the sound of marching feet.

"The Americans!" yelled Sparling, rushing out. "They've come! They've landed at Fetherby Cove!"

And before they could realise what had happened the people of Little Copplestone found themselves hugging and embracing lithe-limbed strangers wearing the khaki they had not seen for so many months.

Sparling was right. The Kaiser had not conquered North America.

. . . . . .

"Gee! This is some hole! Korah, Dathan and Abiram ain't in it!" said the American Colonel, looking into the yawning chasm in the middle of the village hall. "Say, son, how did you manage it?"

"Oh," said Sparling, more child-like than ever, "there was an old cellar underneath, you know. We only had to scoop out the earth on the top of it when we'd made a tunnel from the saddler's shop. And there we were—a nice clean drop!"

"Some work all the same, I guess!"

"Well, you see, sir," replied Sparling, with a slow and deliberate wink, "me and Harry Wildman—well, we once helped to dig another little hole—at Messines!" FRANK HIRD

IF THE GERMANS HAD WON

Testing the ice for the Kaiserstein's Christmas house party

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Material Gains

THE PICCADILLY CIRCUS FLOWER GIRLS—PRUSSIANISED

BY WILMOT LUNT

IF GERMANY HAD WON—TEUTONIC NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

THE LION & THE LAMB AT THE KAISERLICHER SCHAUSPIELHAUS DRURY LANE

By "JINGLE." Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS

"Author! Author!"

THIS was a really gorgeous entertainment produced in Herr Reinhardt's best style. The author, although officially anonymous, was understood by everybody to be a well-known Distinguished Personage, famous as a painter and composer. The story was developed for the most part in dumb show, but an explanatory speech was interpolated here and there for fear, apparently, lest in the excellence of the acting the personality of the author should be lost sight of entirely. It is understood that the production in question really represents the story of the author's life during the past few years or so. So many uncharitable things had been said about him that he thought it right to take this occasion to show the world that it was all wrong and that he was quite all right.

THE first scene showed us an innocent lamb, basking placidly in the summer sun. It wasn't doing any harm at all, and it had no other desire than to be at peace with everybody. In fact, its longing for peace and quiet were such that once when a sturdy young cockerel came out of the woods and began to crow, the peace-loving lamb told it to go and crow elsewhere as noises of that kind disturbed its peaceful rumination. Then a decrepit old bear came lumbering out of the wood to take the air; but the lamb, knowing that lambs and bears don't get on very well together, ordered it to go back for fear that something might happen to mar the blissful peace of the surroundings. All that the well-disposed lamb wanted was peace and quiet, and all the available places in the sun. It is not much to ask.

PRESENTLY a lion put its head out of the wood and nodded at the peace-loving lamb in a friendly way. This action was, it is true, rather confoundedly familiar, but then it was a very young lion and quite small considering its age, and it probably didn't realise the pain it was causing the quiet and inoffensive lamb by this impudent suggestion that they were anything like social equals. Unfortunately the lion quite mistook the lamb's gentle and unassuming attitude. It had the unspeakable effrontery to come and bask in the same sun. It was as good as hinting that all the sunlight didn't belong to the lamb, and however meek and good you may be, you can't stand that sort of thing. In fact, by intruding upon this private sunlight, the lion had deliberately attacked the peace-loving lamb. Anyone can see that.

EVEN a lamb must defend itself against brutal attack, however gentle and peace-loving it may be. But lambs, especially if they are

(*Continued on page 30*)

"Told it to go and crow elsewhere"

IF GERMANY HAD WON

KRISTMAS NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

TEUTONIC NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

"Intruding upon the lamb's private sunlight"

lovers of peace and hate untidy scenes, do not rush at lions in a hurry, even if they are only very young lions. As it happened, however, this particular lamb had a few shabby-genteel friends close at hand—friends who were not at all particular how they prospered so long as they got there. But when one is meek and gentle and a lover of peace, and has been cruelly attacked, one has to make friends in a hurry of all sorts of people. There was a two-headed eagle that was rather lame and which had been the lamb's friend in a casual way for a long time. At the first "Baa!" of distress which the poor lamb uttered the eagle came out into the open, followed shortly afterwards by a fox and a turkey; and while the eagle and the turkey were distracting the young lion's attention the lamb went up and bit the lion in the ear, and said that that was what people got for starting a fight that nobody wanted. But instead of admitting its fault and apologising, the lion turned and hit the lamb in the neck.

Of course, the lamb didn't want to fight with the lion. No sane lamb does, especially if it is a genuine lover of peace. But even a lamb must defend itself when it has been brutally attacked. There was, therefore, quite a horrid fight between the lion and the lamb and their friends, until the cockerel got its claws well into the wool on the lamb's back and the lion put its paw on the fox's head and wanted to know what about it. The peacefully disposed lamb was naturally very much hurt at receiving treatment of this kind from people who called themselves neighbours. It could not, of course, push the lion off the earth, and it could not shake the claws of chanticleer out of its back. What, therefore, could it do? It did what every self-respecting lamb would have done in the circumstances. It dragged itself into the farmyard and bit the hens badly, and trod on the chicks and broke all the sevenpenny eggs. When you are defending yourself from people who have got you by the neck, you have to do things of this sort just to show that even if you can't fight those who are attacking you, you can at least fight somebody. But strangely enough, in spite of all this damage that had been done in its hen roost the cockerel still hung on to the lamb's back, though it was a very disgraceful thing that a lamb should be put to such acute inconvenience.

The occasional explanations of the author were most illuminating. He said he had selected a lamb for his hero because it typified all that was sweet and gentle in nature. But even a lamb would turn nasty if horrid people refused to let it help itself to their property and he hoped, therefore, that the present spectacle would be a useful lesson to those who thought they had a right to keep to themselves what belonged to themselves. He added, that if it had not been for his well-known love of gentleness and mercy the fight would have been much more terrible than it had turned out to be, and therefore if at any time the earth should be in need of a competent and peace-loving ruler it would know where to apply for the goods. The entertainment concluded with the usual Reinhardt ballet, and the audience dispersed to the well-known strains of "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz."

JINGLE

"The lamb had a few shabby-genteel friends"

IF GERMANY HAD WON

The Christmas Pantomime

PASSED BY CENSOR

YOUR FAVOURITE BOX AT DRURY LANE ON BOXING NIGHT

BY M. MAC MICHAEL

IF THE GERMANS HAD WON

But On This Page They

CHRISTMA

Jolly Well Haven't [Ed.]

LEAVE

BY HERBERT PIZER

Nothing of the Kind

By THE OLD GUARD

SADLY do we confess that our Editor hath grievously mistaken our quality. An it please you, we have been invited to use our matchless pen in the futile work of describing some of the unspeakable things the Hun would have done if he had invaded our Metropolis in force. But, Body o' Bacchus! there is a limit to the obedience of even so patient a beast of burden as ourself. Are we, whose ancestors fought at Agincourt and Crecy, and outside the Alhambra on Boat-race night—are we, we ask, to be presumed to be capable of vying with the mere Hun in the invention of ways of frightfulness? We trow not, masters. Heaven is our witness that we are not a truculent person, but our answer to this demand is in the haughty negative. And in thus hurling defiance in our Editor's teeth we do not overlook the fact that there are two flights of stairs from the sanctum to the street, and brass-bound stairs at that.

DOUBTLESS, if—much virtue in your if, masters!—the Huns came to London, they would begin by mischievously disorganising the omnibus traffic between the City and the West End, so that we should be late in arriving at our office. Nay, worse, if we cared to stoop to the adoption of our Editor's programme we can imagine a terrible Hun officer stopping an old lady in the middle of Ludgate Hill and stealing her sugar card—for it appears that your Hun is a past-master at all sorts of infamy. And it would in no way surprise us to see a scornful Prussian keeping his seat on the Underground Railway while there were ladies in the carriage standing up. But we refuse to employ our superb gifts in piling up mere records of baseness and perfidy that are the exclusive attributes of enemy aliens.

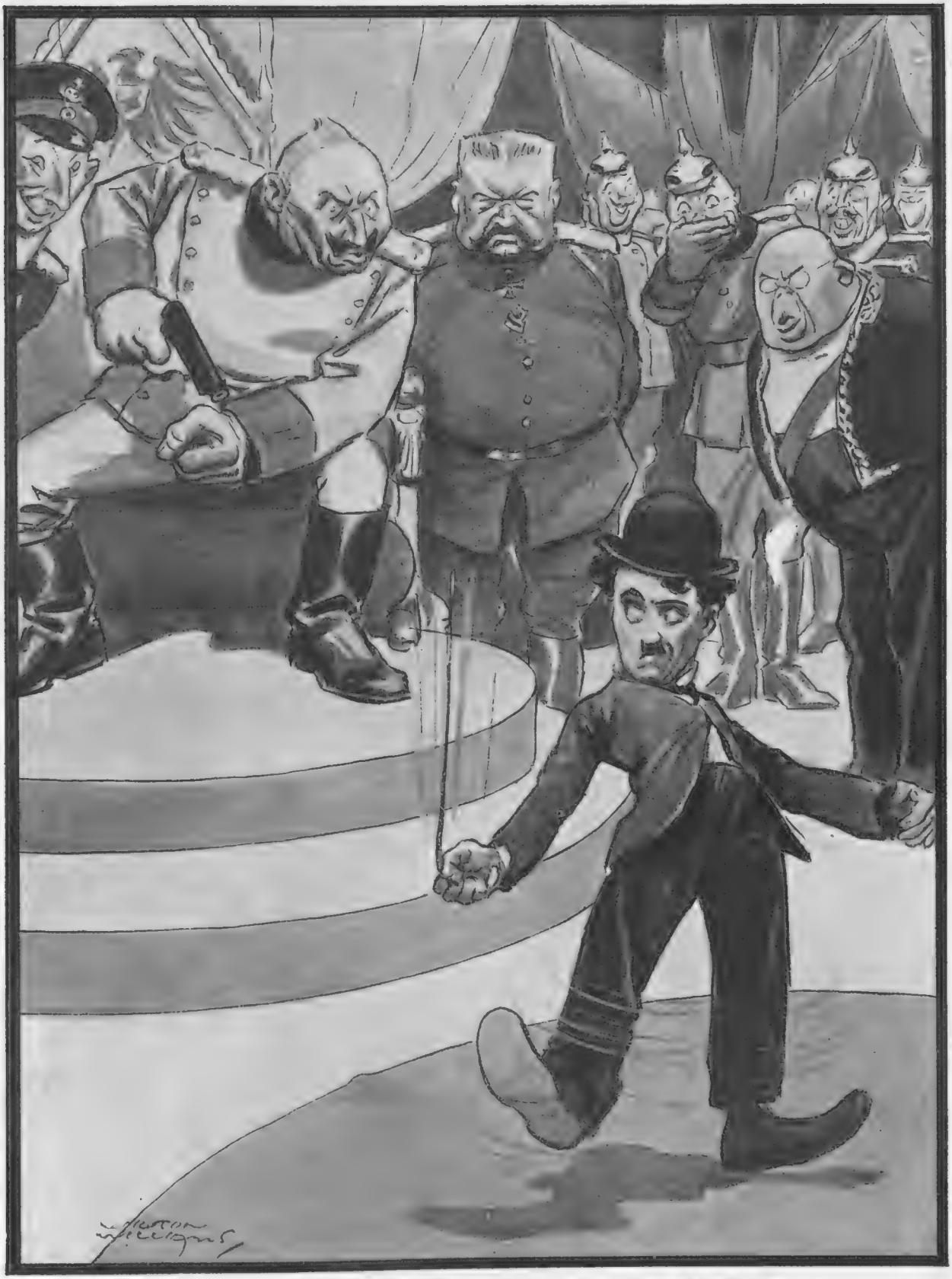
IF we chose to let our fertile imagination run riot in this direction we could readily fancy the sight of a brutal Prussian coming unawares upon a small boy fishing with some success in the Serpentine and kicking his glass jar of pollywogs into the water—for the Hun is a rare adept at the more refined forms of mental anguish. And it is conceivable that some Hun might walk into the nearest post-office and charge the gentleman behind the counter with bumptious incivility—for it is admitted that the Hun is not without a certain animal courage in stern crises. And who can doubt the possibility that a Hun would one day stride uninvited into one of our Government Offices and callously declare that some of the dear old fellows who come there to sit in an armchair and wait for tea-time are not worth the tribute they exact periodically from the national treasury? But the record of the Hun is already black enough, and if it be idle to gild refined gold, how much more is it to throw mud at mud-larks.

WE therefore decline to waste our time in idle speculations of the kind even to oblige so majestic a being as our Editor. We may, it is true, have pressed the good fellow for a trifling loan now and then in times of unforeseen stress and financial strain, but we will not barter away the liberty that our forefathers bled to maintain for a couple of mere half-crowns that are, after all, as far as we are concerned, nothing more than a disagreeable memory. We are all for upholding the dignity of our glorious profession, in which sacred cause we have already been pitched down half the stairs of Fleet Street, and have the remaining half still to sample. But, fortified by the justice of our cause, we face the future with an eye that is undaunted, even if, in the diligent pursuit of a strenuous calling, it has occasionally become discoloured.

CHRISTMAS MORNING IF GERMANY HAD WON

IF GERMANY HAD WON

"Frightfully" Funny!



CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS THE KAISER'S JESTER

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Xmas Dances

No. 1.—THE LOOT TROT

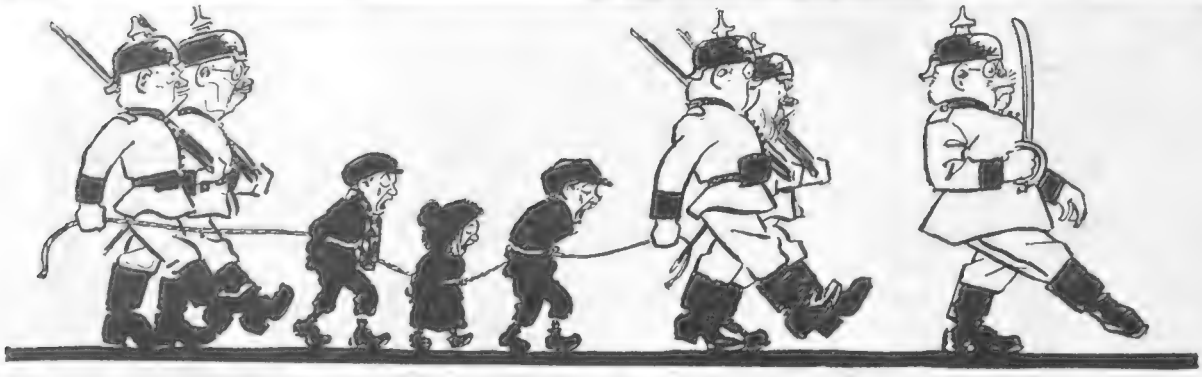
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Potsdamised

No. 2.—THE HATE HUG

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

IF GERMANY HAD WON



LÈSE MAJESTÉ

BY ALFRED LEETE

A Story of an English Christmas if the Germans Had Won

By
BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

CRACKLE OF THORNS

Illustrated by M. MAC MICHAEL

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool.—ECCLESIASTES vii. 6

AIDAN MORBY was left with one sister. The rest had been killed. Both were very yellow.

"Do you know that we are a week from Christmas Day?" suddenly asked the boy, standing before an almanac and sucking a stub of pencil.

"I knew," said the girl, whose name was Elizabeth, "but I hoped you wouldn't notice."

"Oh, stuff, old girl! I've no heart nowadays . . . Wonderful how dead you can get, isn't it? . . . D'you remember when we had Belgian refugees at home, how cold they were, lifeless, not a bit waxy? Rum!"

The two young people were in the basement of the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho. The theatre had been demolished as a punishment to Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie for playing a matinée of that super-patriotic drama, "All for an O.B.E.," on the very day that the Germans entered London. But the destruction had not extended to the basement, a discovery made with very great delight by Aidan and Elizabeth after many days of weary searching for a hiding place for their laboratory.

Elizabeth (once the Honourable Elizabeth, as she sometimes contemptuously reflected) had worked in a shell factory before people pretended the war was over. She had not done very serious work, but she had noticed a good deal. Hence, when the time came for the establishment of their bomb factory, she was of the greatest possible assistance to Aidan, one of those boy-chemists of real genius.

It had appeared to Aidan and Elizabeth that the most useful work they could set their hands to was the continuous killing of Germans. Their father and their brothers had existed for that purpose, and the work must, of course, go on. Besides, there was nothing to do in the world that was worth while—a state of affairs for which the German was solely responsible. Wherefore, kill the German!

By means of the Peace of St. Leonards-on-Sea, the counties of Surrey, Kent, Middlesex, Essex, and Sussex became German protectorates. The famous Degradationist party, consisting of Falera, MacSnowby, and Erckheim (a worthy who had escaped internment by way of a bond for £500), had met the German Chancellor at a charming hotel midway between the piers of Hastings and St. Leonards, and, in virtue of the enemy solemnly undertaking to be content with the occupation of Dover and Folkestone until an indemnity of one million millions was paid, had disbanded the army and committed all the British munition factories to the flames. The German troops then occupied London.

The Degradationists had not won their triumph easily. Many sects and factions had competed with them for the honour and glory of sitting in conference with the illustrious enemy, and there were not a few disgruntled tribunes amongst the Pacifists, the Defeatists, the Conchies, the Bolshies, and that small but exceedingly noisy claque known as the God-helpusists. There was a great bitterness in the hearts of many self-styled friends of England on the day when the Prussian Guard camped outside "As you Were" at the London Pavilion. Here the Germans were; and none but the Degradationists could claim to have had a hand in the thing. The culmination they had worked for all through the war had arrived, and the credit was—another's. The Degradationist party, sneaking into existence at the last minute, had out-grovelled all other parties to such a tune that the German General Staff instantly recognised it as national and representative.

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"CRACKLE OF THORNS" (continued)

Still left in England were a few men of military age and physique. The Assistant Provost-Marshal of Blanchemarie-sur-Mer was back with his D.S.O., for one. And there were others. But amongst these few young men there were scarcely any who still had the keeping of their immortal souls. Thousands had perished before the German advance through Kent, cartridgeless rifles in their hands. Others had been rounded up and destroyed by machine-guns as an evidence of German determination to keep faith with the Degradationists.

How Aidan Morby escaped the general slaughter he never understood. True he was only seventeen years of age, but this was a time which knew no age-limits. Had not splendid young girls of exactly his age blazed away with shot-guns into the chests of suet-jowled Junkers who were about to put sacrilegious feet on the lawns of Kentish country houses? Many a boy younger than he had died. Moreover, he had killed, killed with blood-firing success, when the Tonbridge O.T.C. made that superb stand at the High Rocks. It was odd that he had not killed till he died.

"Any luck, Pam?" asked Aidan

He was glad enough to be a comrade to Elizabeth, though he sometimes wondered if it would not be kinder to both of them if an accidental explosion made an end of everything. He hated to see her beauty discolour in the poisonous atmosphere, but he could not rebuke her pride in her disfigurement. Then there was the fact that they were gorgeously successful. No fewer than eighteen execrable Excellencies had fallen to their bombs in six months.

Their best helper was Pamela Oxmordham. People hadn't understood that girl in the early days. She was photographed a little too often, and the British public is too nearly an elephant to appreciate the delicate tact of red heels for hospital nurses. But there was no doubt about the sincerity of Pamela's feelings now. She had, at the risk of her life, disposed of three Abominations already. The last was but a week ago. (This story isn't about him, but Pamela's remark, when she returned to Aidan and Elizabeth, guised as a trollop and rid of her bomb, must be quoted. "Any luck, Pam?" asked Aidan. Pamela showed her teeth. "Motor-brougham. Bomb. Stomach. Hell—nose-dive!" she spluttered.)

Aidan had no sooner absorbed the fact that the morrow was Christmas Day than he determined that it must be celebrated in some very special way.

"Plum-pudding is out of the question," averred Elizabeth. "Pamela might steal us a small chicken, but she could hardly hook a turkey under her skirt."

"I ain't thinking of grub-stuff. I know all that's out of the question; though we could get up something decent in the way of crackers. Oh, no, Elizabeth! I was ruminating on a way of celebrating the day appropriately. You know—Peace and Goodwill."

"You can't go to church. There's to be a German Lutheran service both at Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral and in all churches the order is that the proceedings are to end with public worship of the Kaiser."

"Peace and Goodwill!" reflected Aidan. "Do you remember how the Russians on the first Christmas after Brest-Litovsk offered up prayers to Christ the Prince of Peace without Annexations?"

"You're wandering, Aidan."

"I'm thinking of a celebration of Christmas in tune with the modern idea of peace. You remember what peace meant once? I hardly do, but you have read about it, of course. Well, it was a very different kind of peace to the one we're enduring now. Roughly speaking, plum-pudding and holly went very well with the old idea. But peace of to-day is an affair of rapine and sudden stabbings. I can't help thinking that it is our business to celebrate the festival of peace as heartily as possible in the modern manner."

. . . . . .

The interior of the largest church in London was on Christmas morning entirely in the hands of the German soldiery. The great doors were locked and there were sentries outside. Within a very minute and exhaustive inspection was taking place. Every inch of the floor was examined, every conceivable

(Continued on page 42)

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Merry Christmas Shoppers

THE HERR PORTER ON THE TUBES: "HURRY ON." "HURRY OFF"

BY HERBERT PIZER

'CRACKLE OF THORNS" (continued)

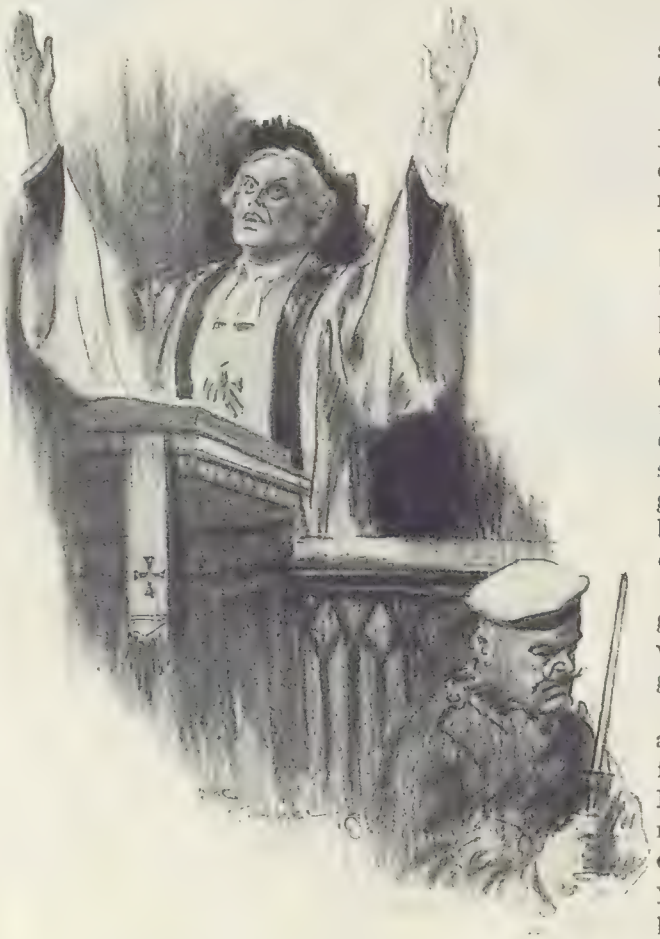
hiding place scrutinised for trace of a weapon of however mild a character. A lieutenant hesitated greatly about leaving on the walls the German standards, which had now replaced the old scarred regimental colours of the British. It seemed to him that something dangerous might be done with the flagstaffs.

When the searchers were at length satisfied, the doors were thrown open, and gradually there arrived in ever-increasing numbers the whole army of the "favourably-disposed." Degradationist rubbed shoulders with Bolshie, and Defeatist hobnobbed with Godhelpusist. Pacifist came smiling with Conchie, and there was an air of common brotherhood in the bearing of all.

For was not to-day their first opportunity of displaying their affection for the great Kaiser-Liberator? Hitherto all public assemblies, of whatever character, had been verboten. Now the All-Highest, on the occasion of the first English Christmas under German rule, had melted, and had assented to the re-opening of the churches. The only proviso he felt it necessary to make was that all congregations at the end of the service should unite in an act of supplementary adoration—directed to the person of the All-Highest himself.

Aidan, Elizabeth and Pamela were early arrivals. Their faces dexterously painted to conceal the ravages of the chemicals, their attire of typical Degradationist fashion, they passed the German sentries without the least difficulty. Aidan wore clothes like his companions, and an excellent female impersonation it was. All three dowdies wore veils. A close examination of these veils would have revealed peculiarities, but a German private could scarcely be blamed for failing to notice them. Once in the church the three separated, each going to a different part of the nave. Later there came to the church other veiled women, and in each case it appeared that they sat themselves down in a previously allotted place.

The sermon was delivered by a notorious Degradationist minister.



"Love," he trumpeted, "has triumphed. The British Lion has laid down with the Prussian Lamb"

"Love," he trumpeted, "has triumphed. The British Lion has laid down with the Prussian lamb, and our hearts are warm and our eyes are melting in the happiness that, alas! we so little deserved."

An assenting grunt came from all, even from the Godhelpusists.

"On this festival of goodwill and kindness, it is perhaps scarcely appropriate that I should recall the contumacy of so many of our misguided brethren who, with angry bodies, crossed the path of the great Teutonic Liberator."

A murmur, as of hissing, swept through the congregation.

"It is not meet that I should revive the days of horror when we, the neophytes of negotiation—we, the acolytes of benignity—were forced to meet in secret, to print our noble messages on hidden presses, nay, even were so boycotted that we should have been denied the very necessities of life but for the golden manna stealthily brought to us by agents of the All-Omnipotent."

Again a deep groan of gratitude from the watery-eyed congregation.

"Those dreary days are gone, as you know, for ever. Our dear England lies under a new star. To-day is an earnest of many happy years, each of swelling prosperity and content, as indeed all may claim who practise a gospel of loving-kindness. To whom may we look as the chief and most glorious exponent of such a gospel? Who is the supreme model for all the artists of righteousness? Tremblingly I pronounce the beloved name. We may look—we may look, my dear kamerads—to Wilhelm the Worshipful!"

There was a great rattling of prayer-books, and those who were bookless clicked respectfully with their false teeth.

"To-day—yes, even to-day—you shall be given your first opportunity to do reverence. As you all know, the gracious mandate has gone forth that services in all churches on this most glorious of all

(Continued on page 44)

"DELECTALAND."

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"CRACKLE OF THORNS" (continued)

Christmases are to conclude with an act of adoration. In spirit the All-Highest will be in each church, or chapel, however humble. . . . But in person—in person, I repeat, my dear kamerads—where can he be?"

The excitement of the minister communicated itself to the congregation. It was evident that he was on the edge of making a sensational announcement.

"My emotion overcomes me. The knowledge I have is straining the hold of my poor intellect. Listen! oh, listen, my people! The Kaiser of the German and British Empires is amongst you!"

Many fainted. A large Conchie who had breakfasted well was exhaustively sick. Many waved their arms like the shell-shocked, utterly incapable of speech. The whole congregation was in delirium.

It was long before order was restored. Then the minister told the faithful how the Worshipful One, in his infinite charity, had decided to leave the beloved Fatherland and dine in Buckingham Palace on that day of all days, just out of sheer affection for his new subjects. Arriving a little earlier than he had anticipated, he had decided to visit that great church and receive the idolatry of the "most devoted" before retiring to lunch.

The people were past noises. They now sat in silent ecstasy. Especially was it enjoined upon them that their homage, on the appearance of the All-Highest, must be tendered in silence.

. . . . . .

He came on to the altar introduced by silver bugles. All knelt.

The little man was arrayed with elaborate care. The casque and eagle made one think of a small Covent Garden porter balancing six baskets on his head. The long cloak suggested a character in Arthur Moreland's Comic History of England. The medals and stars and crosses smelt of pawnbrokery. But the most devoted knelt low and slavered.

At length the little man drew his sword and held it aloft. It was the signal for all to raise their heads. Just a rustle of moving clothing and then a deathly stillness. Wilhelm the Worshipful was about to speak.

"Children of the new Fatherland," he began.

THERE WAS A LAUGH!

Deep as the silence had been before, it was deeper now.

A LAUGH! . . . . For a few terror-stricken moments not a German soldier moved. Then with an angry frown Wilhelm turned his head in the direction from whence the awful blasphemy came.

An officer and several men swept towards the spot. The officer's sword was drawn and the men carried their rifles at the trail with bayonets fixed. They clustered round the pew which seemed to house the malefactor. Then they stopped, glaring fiercely round. The officer looked towards Wilhelm, but the little Emperor gave no sign.

"Once you knew me," chanted the Emperor in the harsh, alcoholic accents of the Teuton, "as a man of the sword. To-day I come among you as a man of peace." He sheathed his sword and, stooping to a basket of evergreens, picked out and raised a great branch of olive.

AGAIN THAT AWFUL LAUGH!

This time there was no mistaking the author of the offence. It was MacRamsby, Germany's best friend in the former House of Commons!

A sword prodded the shaking Pacifist. He stood up, still laughing. The people shuddered from him. He stumbled out of the pew, tears streaming down his face. In the aisle he fell and getting up shrieked with laughter. The soldiers seized him and ran him out. But the laughter did not cease. It rang out horribly—horribly, and then suddenly stopped. It seemed to those in the church as if his lungs had been pierced with a knife.

The Emperor did not speak during the dreadful scene. He could not. His passion of anger was so great that he saw blood. And the craving filled him. Blood such as Belgium yielded. Torrents of blood! Because here—for the Pacifists of England to adore—was the supreme bully.

He would have given the order to slay. Nearly had he regained the command of his tongue when an even stranger thing happened.

Another laugh violated the silence—and another! and another! From all parts of the great building came coarse guffaws, evil sniggers, falsetto giggles. The soldiery glared round about them in utter amazement.

Now in all that mighty crowd there were very few who knew any emotion but utter bewilderment. The exceptions were all women, or dressed as women, and they all wore veils. Scattered about in various parts of the nave they knelt and listened to the laughter with an intense satisfaction in their hearts.

Here were some of the laughers going black in the face; some were obviously choking to death. The soldiers were making the heads of others bloody, and the fallen laughed.

Here now was a soldier who laughed. He fell upon the man he had beaten down and cachinnated mirthlessly on the ground. Next an officer caught the infection, and fled shrieking down the aisle. The poison was spreading. The chemical genius of young Aidan Morby had not failed.

A little phial fixed on the instep of each boot—such was the burden of each of the veiled ladies. A phial that broke into powder at the will of its controller, and surrendered to the air a deadly gas. It provoked so convulsive an action of the respiratory muscles that the victim must laugh or choke to death. When weariness checked the laughter the person affected invariably died, and died uglily.

Aidan watched the effects with all the ardent

(Continued on page 46)

IF GERMANY HAD WON

WINTER SPORTS AT BUXTONBAD

BY STAN TERRY

"CRACKLE OF THORNS" (concluded)

interest natural to the inventor. He and his friends, safe behind their veils, which were, of course, gas-excluding masks, did not fail to chuckle occasionally, lest suspicion were directed towards them. Nor was their laughter always artificial. It was difficult to watch unmoved a particularly sour-souled Godhelpusist holding his sides with laughter against his will. And there was something vastly entertaining in the spectacle of a fat Landsturmer roaring merrily into the face of his officer under the very eyes of the All-Highest.

"There was something vastly entertaining in the spectacle of a fat Landsturmer roaring merrily into the face of his officer"

The Emperor rapidly recovered from his blood-rage. He who had known so many years of frightfulness was quick to detect the existence of a new device. He was vaguely curious to know what the swinehounds using it hoped to gain, and he was attracted by the general head-smashing and breast-stabbing that was afoot. It had not dawned on him yet that he was listening to the laughter of dying men. A big practical joke—that was all it was, and the wretched English were already being slain at a good rate.

He came down from the altar to be nearer to the blows and to the dripping of the red liquid he loved so well. Here for the first time he saw a German soldier affected. For the first time he began to be fearful for himself.

Still, there was a Degradationist woman being bayoneted by one of his gallant officers. He must stay a moment to see that. (The worst of victory was that it ended bloodshed. The Roman Emperors fed themselves with gladiatorial games. Now the war was over, what chance did poor Wilhelm get to see blood.) The woman did not bleed much.

Now the officer himself was laughing—laughing horribly. Wilhelm frowned upon him. How dare he? And then he—he, Kaiser Wilhelm the Worshipful!—opened his lungs and laughed too.

Aidan had left his seat and threaded his way to a point near the altar. Now he came close to Wilhelm.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Kaiser beast.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came Aidan's boyish treble.

"Ha, ha!" coughed Wilhelm, clutching at his throat.

"Ha, ha, ha!" squealed Aidan. "This way, this way. Come into the air if you would save yourself."

Aidan dashed down the centre aisle, the Kaiser closely following. But now Aidan did not laugh, though his grin was a sight for the sun. But Wilhelm—he laughed on! He swayed from side to side, so loud he laughed. Twice he fell over dead bodies, and both times found it hard to rise, so twisted was he with laughter.

But Aidan beckoned on; and the casqued, cloaked, be-medalled monster staggered at last into the clear light of an English Christmas morning. And his hands went to his throat again. And his face became black. And his dead body rolled ridiculously down a long flight of steps.

. . . . . .

Pamela had succeeded after all in hooking a turkey under her skirt, and it was the leg-bone of the selfsame bird that Aidan waved that evening when he gave the girls the Christmas slogan! "Peace and goodwill, kids; peace and goodwill: Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Aidan, Elizabeth, and Pamela.

B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

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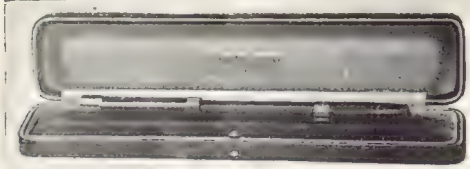

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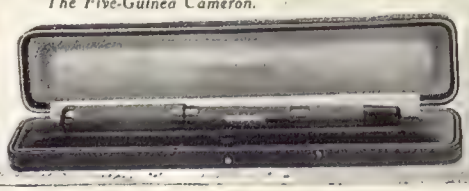


IF GERMANY HAD WON

"Object" Lessons for the Kiddies

HUN DESIGNS IN TOYS

The types of presents that would fill the Christmas stockings *BY G. E. STUDDY*

IF GERMANY HAD WON

MARSHAL VON ENGLANDBURG-STRAFFER TAKES OVER

By DELL LEIGH

IT is now common knowledge that the Reichstag proposes, early in the New Year, to put into operation the new German charter governing the future policy of British Government Offices in London and the Provinces.

The great brains behind the German Espionage schafferhaublitzerein (in other words the Means-to-an-End Service) had foreseen, for some time past, vast possibilities for Teutonic progression, immediately on the surrender of London, in all existing official Departments of State, and had accordingly only allowed them to flourish like the green bay tree during four years of war for this reason.

Official photograph

MARSHAL VON ENGLANDBURG-STRAFFER

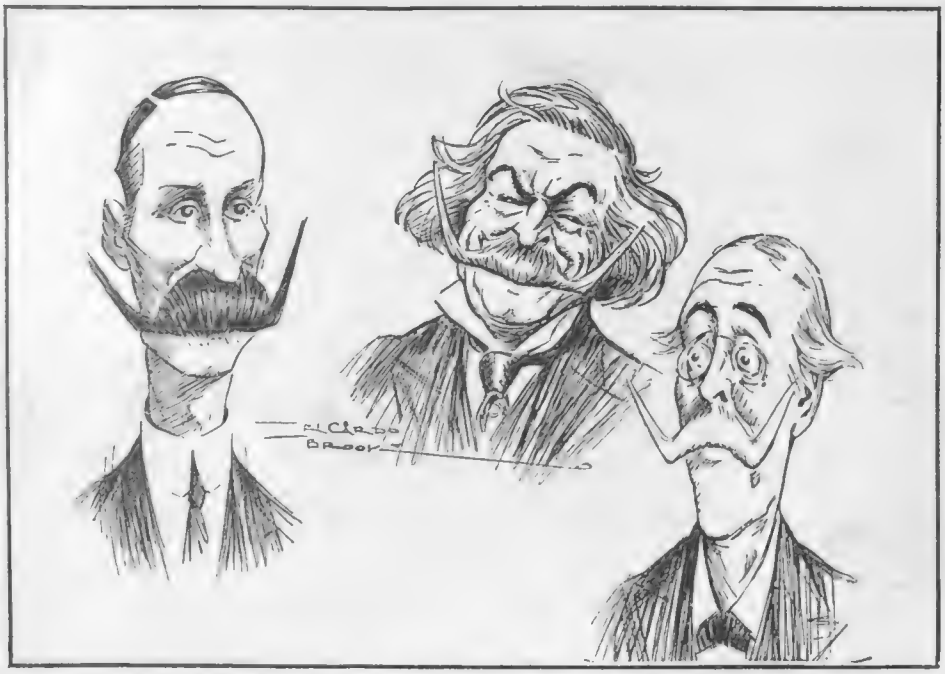
A recent portrait of the noble and kultured German commander in London

Therefore, as and from Friday, the 13th of March, 1918 (the fateful Ides of March—how history does repeat itself to be sure) Marshal von Englandburg-Straffer, Order of the Tailless Eagle, Grand Cross of the Sun's Rays, and Companion of the most Noble Order of Loot, will assume supreme command of all Government offices engaged upon the prosecution of that most wicked war against the rightful expansion of the Fatherland. The Marshal has been chosen for this important post because his early training as head waiter at the Foolscap and File Restaurant, in Whitehall, taught him all he wants to know. Moreover, he is a man of iron constitution, quite impervious to the wiles of women clerks, and is known to be the only man living able to write legibly upon any kind of Stationery Office paper.

Owing to the national gloom which has settled upon the country since the German Army occupied Havre, and destroyed the Eiffel Tower, it is not proposed to give more than a swift *précis* of the future duties of our beloved Government Offices when Englandburg-Straffer takes over.

The Ministry of Munitions (proper) will be re-named The Department of

(*Continued on page 52*)



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"The eyes of the men in the B·E·F· are upon you"

"Our soldiers are building their hopes star-high"

Stirring Call to British Business Men to

ORGANISE

A call to action by a British Soldier in France

This stirring summons to business men was written in the trenches by an observant British soldier after the inspiration of reading our last propaganda page with Mr Hughes's great speech on organisation

"TO what, at this moment, are the thoughts and hopes of the vast B.E.F. turned, and turning ever more ardently? It is "Blighty"—the Land of Promise

Our soldiers are building their hopes star-high; but they are intensely aware that their future happiness and prosperity, as well as their country's good, depend upon the will with which the commercial and industrial leaders, employers and business men in every craft and trade, organise for the future

It has taken four years of war to realise two palpable essentials of success—Organised Preparation and Co-ordinate Effort

Is it conceivable that in the economic field these two living, determining factors are being treated carelessly, handled with numb fingers, by British business men? Is it conceivable that this country will get four years of economic stalemate in which to discover the true way out? The German is a persevering, relentless, methodical foe, tirelessly and feverishly preparing to rise from even the ashes of military defeat to rule the world

But it is not what Germany is preparing to do; it is what Britain is doing and means to do that matters now See what the Empire has to make good—treasure of unthinkable dimensions, the wreckage of homes and careers, the wastage of commercial power and industrial productiveness How hopelessly futile to assail such great new problems like these with out-of-date ideas and fumbling methods, or to think that by working harder and at less profit the leeway will be made up Time, energy and material can only be utilised with maximum effect by systematic means of direction and control There must be in every business house a strong plan of working, a plan in which every detail is clearly mapped out and co-related

And, as the Empire is first in the sum total of all its citizens, their work, their commerce, their economics, thus it is that the duty of regeneration and efficient organisation devolves alike on the great commercial corporation and the small trading house, and on all that lies in between

No business man and no firm is exempt: none may escape this duty with impunity

Prepare — Organise — Co-ordinate! While the Empire's guns are blazing the way to victory, while her Soldier-citizens are "standing to," your thoughts and your hours should be filled with these three supreme imperatives It is up to you to justify the Empire's trust in you to make Peace victorious, to realise the inherent power that is in your business, to cut new channels for the tributaries of its strength, so that it flows irresistibly like a river"

Therefore, Prepare—Organise—Co-ordinate your business systems to make for efficiency, for efficiency will rule the world in commerce

K&J organisation methods and equipment have been installed with conspicuous success by a large number of important firms who intend to lead in the commercial activities of the world

Organising for Efficiency means going to

Kenrick & Jefferson LTD

If you are interested in Organisation, call at the nearest K & J Showroom, as owing to War difficulties it is impossible for K & J Representatives to visit every Commercial House

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MANCHESTER: 7 Blackfriars Street
NEWCASTLE: St Nicholas Square (opposite Cathedral)
SHEFFIELD: 28 Change Alley
SWANSEA: 3-5 Goat Street
BELFAST: Scottish Provident Buildings Donegal Square
GLASGOW: 166 Buchanan Street

"*MARSHAL VON ENGLANDBURG-STRAFFER TAKES OVER*" (*concluded*)

Anti-Procrastination. Chief functions, to administer the re-building, on the Rhine architecture, of all towns and villages of Northern France and Belgium destroyed by the contemptible British Army. Expenditure to be defrayed from the (hitherto) undivulged excess profits of munition-makers. Any surplus balance of funds on completion of contracts to form nucleus of annuity for chairman of Krupps.

The Ministry of Shipping to be known as the Ministry Without Trace. Policy of administration, (1) Supervision of removal of all barnacles (by hand labour, British prisoners of war) from hulls of German High Seas Fleet. (2) Salvage of all German U-boat Fleet unaccounted for on cessation of hostilities; labour to be provided by crews of British Mercantile Marine and Destroyer Flotillas. Funds to be provided from savings of National Lifeboat Institution (if any), otherwise from private income of Admiral Sir David Beatty.

Air Ministry: Re-designated, Mercédès-Gotha-gott-dammerung Ministry.

Devoted to the development of Kultur by air, and for the policing of British-Indian possessions by means of the Ten-engined Kaiseralbatross Machines.

Pilots who have experienced London barrages and are still whole will assume dual control of Departments. All British officers known to have brought down more than three German machines (the sun being in the German pilot's eyes) will act as third grade clerks. Officers with double figures to their account to act as cleaners and sweepers.

Department of Aeronautical Supplies, Air Group (*here note the subtlety of the German temperament.*—ED. BYSTANDER) will cease its functions as such, having done quite enough damage to German interests, and will become instead the matrimonial market for officers of the German Higher Command. Lady members of the existing staff will parade in four battalions of one thousand each on The Provocative Parade, Kaiserway, on alternate Thursdays for necessary selections to be made. In the interim they will continue to make tea as heretofore.

Male members of the staff will be discarded as jettison.

Ministry of Information will be re-named, for emphasis, The Ministry of Reiteration. Sole duties, the installation of the Kaiser Kreed into the minds of Englishwomen on the importance of Cooking, Children, and Church—and nothing else.

It was proposed to give excerpts from Marshal von Englandburg-Straffer's rules governing these amended Ministries. But the word VERBOTEN occurs so often as to detract from the national interest that would otherwise be taken in them.

As It Might Have Been

"SANTA KLAWS"

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FOR
ALL MUSIC LOVERS.

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Composed by Edward German. The complete Opera sung by Edna Thornton and other well-known singers. Eleven 12-in. double-sided records in Album, **£3 : 17 : 0** complete.

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Being the Records of Omar Khayyam, a song cycle composed by Liza Lehmann. The Songs are sung by Agnes Nicholls, Edna Thornton, Hubert Eisdell, and George Baker. Eight records in Album, **£2 : 6 : 0** complete.

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The seven records in this Album have been sung by the original artists accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer, Dr. Ethel Smyth. Seven records in Album, **£2 : 6 : 0.**

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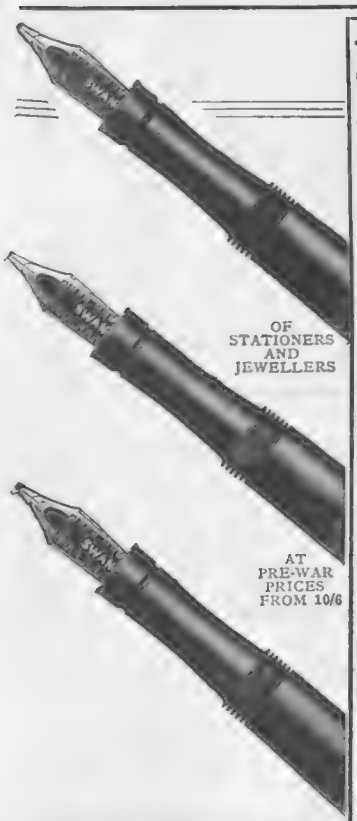
C F H.

IF GERMANY HAD WON

The Fat Stock Show

PASSED BY CENSOR

EXHIBITS FROM DEVONSHIRE AND DONINGTON HALL



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Whether it be name, initials, date, motto or other inscription you desire to be engraved on the "Swan" Pen, this can be done at small extra cost. This adds a personal touch which enhances its value to the recipient

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If Germany Had Won the War

"FRIGHTFULNESS" FOR EVERYBODY

BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Book of the Week

"THE HORRORS OF DONNINGTON HALL": Specially Reviewed by Ernest Lissauer, Author of "The Hymn of Hate"

THE outstanding feature of the week's publishing is, of course, Captain Baron von Holtzhausen's story of his captivity in England during the war. *The Horrors of Donnington Hall* (Tauchmitz: 15 marks) is indeed a terrible indictment of the brutal English methods of dealing with their prisoners. When one remembers how the British prisoners were treated in our Home Empire, where even in the days when we ourselves were short of food our unwelcome guests were treated to the best of everything, it is shocking to think that a so-called civilised country, such as we then believed England to be, could be so lacking in Kultur as to forget the common decencies of humanity. In the Fatherland how different! There the finest of our noble residences were thrown open to the prisoners. All that our glorious, all-too-humane doctors could do for them was done. Even a newspaper written in their own ridiculously uncouth language was printed for their entertainment. And as if *The Continental Times* was not enough, distinguished Irishmen were permitted to visit them periodically for the purpose of disseminating the truth. A change of air was always arranged, did the prisoner's state of health demand it. Hundreds of English prisoners, for instance, were graciously permitted by the All-Highest to visit our glorious Rhinelands from prisons further East, in spite of the dangers run by our brave guards in taking them there during the wicked air-raids. And what do we find was done for our own unfortunate heroes? Nothing but the vilest insults, insufficient food, journeys by cattle-truck and — the horrors of Donnington Hall!

⁂ ⁂

BARON VON HOLTZHAUSEN is, as his many friends will testify, of the best type of Prussian gentleman—courteous, knightly, brave as the good German Eagle. It was his ill-fortune to be taken prisoner while shaving in his dug-out—a misfortune that would never have occurred had he been less solicitous for his men's comfort. Any unshaven officer in their midst, as he well knew, would have brought consternation to his men; and so, even in the midst of the dangers of war, he shaved as usual—thus showing the superbest courage—and narrowly escaped murder at the hands of the dastardly Highlander whom he attempted to wound with his razor—after the necessary surrender.

⁂ ⁂

AND what a tale he has to tell of his subsequent sufferings! It makes one's good German blood boil with indignation. The high-born Baron tells us that after he had been caged like a wild beast and given no more than a three-course breakfast

(Continued on page 64)

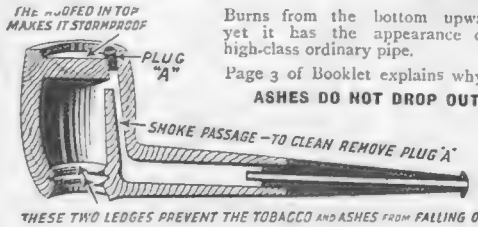
Here is a Gift that

Smokers All Over the World Will Appreciate

JUST as you need a weatherproof coat in addition to your ordinary clothes, so you need a weatherproof pipe for bad weather **IN ADDITION** to your other pipes. The **WYSE PIPE** is the only pipe that can be smoked in rain and wind—the "roofed in" top (see diagram) guarantees your smoke will not be spoiled by inclement weather. Send a Wyse pipe, and you will be sending him **REAL PIPE-JOY.**

The Wyse Pipe

THE FAMOUS TRENCH PIPE.



Burns from the bottom upwards, yet it has the appearance of a high-class ordinary pipe.

Page 3 of Booklet explains why the **ASHES DO NOT DROP OUT.**

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

have marked a new era in cigarettes —they are the most perfect hand-made Virginia cigarettes ever produced

25 for **1/8½** 50 for **3/5** 100 for **6/10**

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IF GERMANY HAD WON

The End of the "If"

AND THE DREAM'S COME TRUE

BY HELEN McKIE

IF GERMANY HAD WON

FATHER CHRISTMAS VERY MUCH TEUTONISED

This is a photographic reproduction of a Ciro Pearl Necklet.

Price **£1 1 0**
(including case, **2s.** *extra).*

Descriptive Booklet
No. 17 on request.

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XMAS brings its eternal problem of the suitable gift.

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will find a joyous acceptance by any lady—of any age. For, in lustre, orient, weight and hardness they are identical with the finest genuine Oriental Pearls, and are *known* to have deceived experts innumerable.

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or any of our Jewels on receipt of **£1 1 0.**
Wear either for a week.
Compare it with the finest of genuine pearls or the highest-priced artificial pearls.
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"She used to sing that!"

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Such is the power of music.

With the Decca in your Dugout, you can have vocal and instrumental music to your heart's content. You can have classical music, the lightest of musical comedies, and the wealth of fun provided by the leading stage humorists. The "Decca" plays all makes and sizes of needle records, with its full rich tone giving a life-like reproduction.

THE DECCA

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In Leather Cloth,	Compressed Fibre.	Solid Cowhide,
£7 15 0	**£8 15 0**	**£12 12 0**

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

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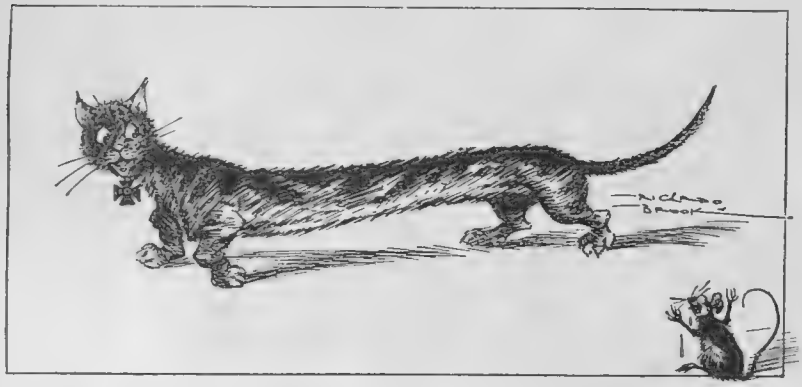
and a cigar, he was actually forced to travel in a train with other officer prisoners of lower rank! Worse still, he was obliged to cross the German Channel in a heavily-armed cruiser, cunningly disguised as a hospital ship, and manned by a thousand expert divers from the South Sea Islands, who during the passage attacked and sank no fewer than three of our



OUR GERMANISED DOMESTIC PETS: THE FIRST TABBY CATS-HUND

defenceless U-Boats. And as our brave seamen raised despairing cries for help, these naked scoundrels—after the English idea of "sport"—held shooting competitions and shot our heroes as they struggled in the water. No wonder our brave captain was sick.

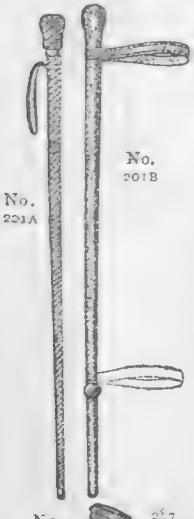
❀ ❀

AND then we come to the lamentable story of Donnington Hall itself, that dungeoned Bastille of truly tragic memory. Von Holtzhausen, he relates, was taken to this hell-hole where no one seems to have had the smallest idea as to what is due to a Prussian officer. The very necessaries of life were denied him. He was actually required to use only one bedroom. Champagne was cut down to the barest margin—no more than a magnum a day. The fruit provided probably came from an ordinary greengrocer's shop instead of from the hot-houses of which the Hague Convention makes particular mention; and, as if to try his lofty soul to the uttermost, no more than four meals a day were permitted him. Picture to yourself what this means to a Prussian officer!

❀ ❀

I CANNOT write further. Von Holtzhausen's sufferings have brought tears to my eyes. It is impossible to read his simply-told story without rendering thanks to the All-Highest and his Ally for their glorious victories. The world has at last been purged of its swine and made safe for Kultur. And Donnington Hall, as I write, has been purchased by von Holtzhausen himself as a shooting-box. The wild animals which he is able to snare in the English jungle will, no doubt, be caged in those stinking cells where once its noble owner pined in honourable captivity. R. S.

Useful and Charming XMAS GIFTS for Officers.



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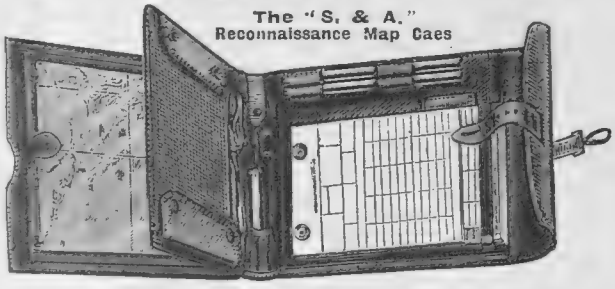
The "S. & A." Reconnaissance Map Case



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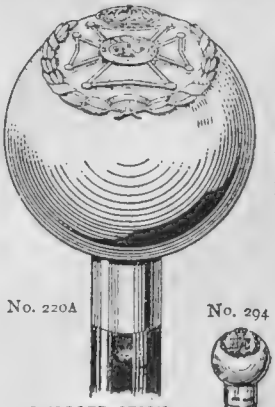

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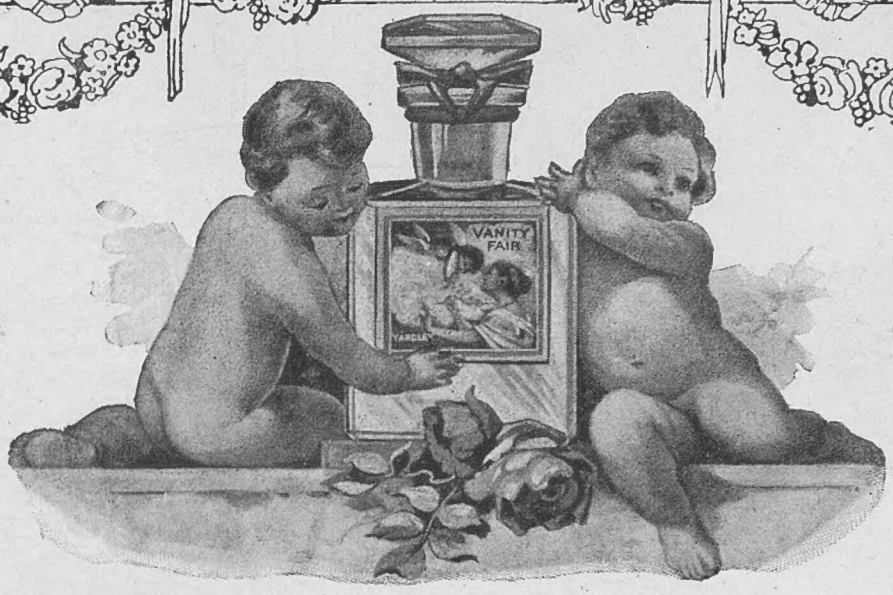


For Christmas Gifts.

Yardley PERFUMES

For Christmas Gifts.

Are prepared with an artistry and skill perfected by the experience of more than a century as makers of Perfumery, and rank amongst the highest achievements of the Perfumer's Art. They are issued in handsome stoppered bottles and dainty cases and form most tasteful and charming gifts.

VANITY FAIR.	The *correct* perfume for the present London Season.	6/3, 9/-, 17/6, 35/- per bottle.
"EXQUISITE." Natural Flower Perfumes.	Violet, Jasmine, Rose, Cyclamen, Muguet, or Bouquet.	12/6, 16/6, 30/-, 57/6 per bottle.
GAGE D'AMOUR.	An Exquisitely Beautiful Perfume.	25/- and 42/- per bottle.
LES SECRET DES DIEUX	A Bouquet of the Choicest and Rarest Flowers.	45/- per bottle.

Complete Price List Post Free on application.

EAU DE COLOGNE

Yardley's Eau de Cologne represents the perfection of quality in this most indispensable of Toilet Requisites.

PRICES.

4 oz. Bottles	4/6	Wickered Bottles.	
6 oz. Bottles	6/9	½ pint	7/6
		1 pint	14/6
ORIGINAL PACKAGES		1 quart	28/6
of half-a-dozen 4 oz.		Magnum	56/-
bottles, in case	26/6	16 oz. Cut Glass Decanters	30/-

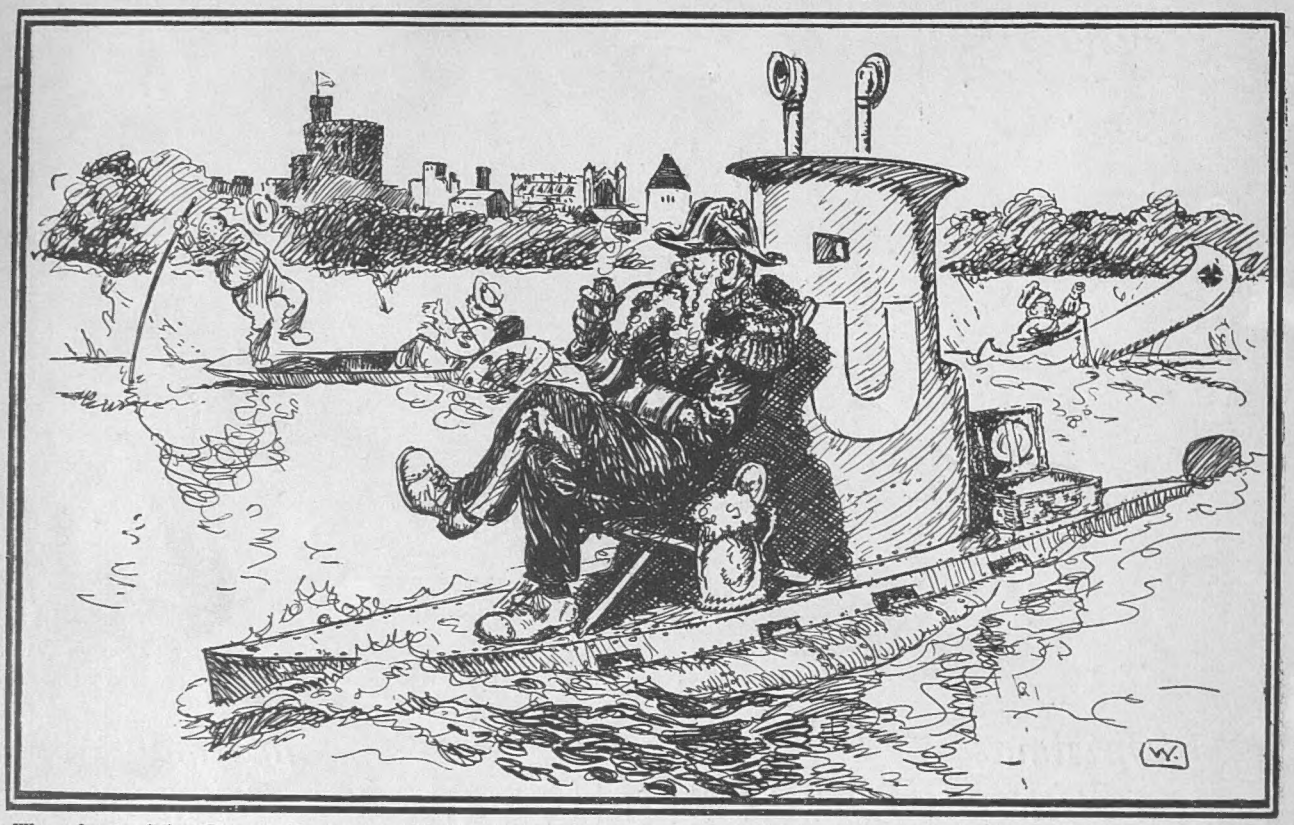
Of all High Class Chemists and Stores,
and from

YARDLEY AND CO., LTD.,
8, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.

Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.

IF GERMANY HAD WON

Father Thames Tirpitz



We understand that Germany having won the war, and having lost only one "U" boat throughout the conflict, Admiral von Tirpitz is devising many schemes by which to utilize his submarines. The above is one of his ideas for next summer

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

For Wounded Soldiers and Sailors

AT DUTY FREE RATES.

The following Brands may be sent for gratuitous distribution to Wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home at Duty Free rates:

TOBACCOS.	
Player's Navy Cut de Luxe -	2 oz. airtight tins
Player's Medium Navy Cut -	1 oz. packets
Player's Navy Mixture (Medium) -	1 oz. packets
"Country Life" Mixture (Medium)	1 oz. packets
"White Label" Navy Cut - -	1 oz. packets
Player's "Roll Call" - - -	1 oz. packets

CIGARETTES.	
Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut -	Packets of 12
Player's Medium Navy Cut -	Packets of 10
Player's "Country Life" (Medium Strength)	Packets of 10
Player's No. 3 Virginia Cigarettes	Cartons of 10
Player's "Roll Call" - - -	Packets of 5
"Player's Weights" - - -	Cartons of 5

A composite case of 10 lb., containing not less than 5 lb. of Tobacco and 2 lb. of Cigarettes—*or*—a case of 8 lb. of Cigarettes (about 3,500 to 4,500, according to size)—*or*—a case of 20 lb. of Packet Tobacco may be sent at DUTY FREE RATES.

Smaller quantities not permissible.

Full particulars as to prices may be obtained from

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.